

SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES

By Marion Harland

The Housewife's Exchange Types of Notable American Women Information for Parents

No. 12

Can you tell me, or advise me, where to find a school for orphan girls? I have three children, one boy, and he is in Girard College, and I have two girls. One is 9 and the other is 7. I am a nurse in an insane asylum. I get a small sum for wages and it takes more than I can earn to keep the children and pay their board. I thought if I could get the oldest child in a college for orphan girls I would let her go for a few years. I have looked after them for six years in this way, but they are getting older and need more money with which to get along. Please name a few such institutions if they are to be had in this State. A few years ago I think I read in one of the Philadelphia papers of a Mr. Munyun forming such a school for girls as Girard is for boys. It was to be called "Munyun's College for Orphan Girls," but I cannot find out if it was established or not. Please find out if you can.

MRS. M. W.

I know of no surer way of "finding out" this and every other hidden thing than by referring the question to the readers of this department. The address of the anxious mother is in my hands. I shall be glad to communicate to her any information that may be handed in to me.

In reply to "H. V. N." I would say, to make starched fabrics look like new, wash in the usual way, but starch in rice water—that is, water in which rice has been boiled for the table—(about a cupful of rice to three quarts of water). Do not dry, but clap and roll in a dry cloth for an hour or two, then iron. The delicate colors will not fade with this treatment, and the dress will look and wear like new.

J. M. DE M.

Rice water is more delicate than bran water, which has been recommended repeatedly in these columns for washing muslins. The housewife who sends in the above suggestion has my thanks.

May I remark, while upon the subject of rice water, that it should never be thrown away? Add to your soup stock or boil it down to a jelly for the children. Flavored with vanilla, sweetened and eaten with cream, it will be relished by the little ones and by invalids. Rice water adds consistency and smoothness to tomato and other purees, and drawn butter based upon it is better than when made with plain water.

Don't recommend formaldehyde for bedbugs too unreservedly! My room still reeks of it so that the smell turns my stomach, but the red rovers have not vanished. They are less plentiful, but they are still there!

C. T. H.

Again, who shall decide when respectable authorities disagree? Another correspondent whose testimony was published several weeks ago shouted a pean of victory over the rout accomplished by the fumes of formaldehyde. May not the sing-song advice, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," be appropriate in this case? Some of the invaders have fallen, according to your showing. Repeat the experiment.

1. Does coffee injure the complexion?
2. Do you know of anything that will decrease the appetite?
3. Is there such a thing as an artificial fainting? That is, can anyone faint whenever one chooses?
4. Does not cream of tartar cool and thin the blood, and can one injure one's health by using it?

N. D. W.

1. Yes; when drunk in excess. No one can drink coffee three times a day without yellowing eyes and skin.

2. Nothing that will not at the same time impair health. One who is disposed to gluttony should bring moral force to bear upon the gross propensity.

3. The Lydia Languishes of the eighteenth century fainted at will, we are told. The best their great-granddaughters can do in that line is to feign a swoon. How this is done I cannot say. The pulse would betray the trick to any one familiar with the commonest physiological laws.

4. It cools and thins the blood, but if partaken of habitually ruins the coat of the stomach.

In cooking spaghetti if you will let it remain in cold water for ten minutes after boiling, it will be much improved for the subsequent treatment.

C. C. K.

I take it that "subsequent treatment" means baking with cream, butter and cheese, or reheating with drawn butter or tomato sauce and Parmesan cheese. The temporary bath in cold water would make it crisp, yet soft. Many housewives do not know that all varieties of macaroni should be tender, yet retain their shape. The tough strings served under the name of macaroni and spaghetti are culinary failures.

In answer to your quest for one who has used the cold water process for preserving fruit, I would say that I tried it with complete success with plums. It is so little trouble! Just pack the jar with small pieces of the stalk, cut without skinning, if it is fresh, and fill up with cold water; screw on the covers and that is all.

I also want to give a remedy for black ants. Buy 5 cents worth of oil of sassafras. With a feather rub it along the edge of door sills, shelves, or other places where the pests gather. If they are in your ice box, lay cucumber parings in on the shelves, and you will soon be rid of black ants. For the red ones, wash the shelves with hot borax water every day, and they will soon be out of your way. A MEMBER OF "THE EXCHANGE."

The more of such members we have the better for the Exchange and the Great Commonwealth of Housewives.

Another success scored for pliant and the cold-water process! Up to date we have no report of other fruits or any vegetables put up in this manner that have kept well. My candor in detailing my own experience in this direction should incite others to frank disclosure of what they have attempted—and with what measure of satisfaction or of chagrin.

A few weeks ago I wrote to you and asked some questions, but they were never answered.

I trust to hear from you soon, either Monday or Tuesday, for I expect to leave on Thursday.

TRAVELER.

Did you enclose a stamp? If so it was answered by the next mail that went out after your letter was brought to me. All other communications must wait for their turn. If I beseech correspondents once and again to be patient in their expectations of said turn, it is because I get so many letters like the foregoing. In the present case the request did not reach me until Tuesday, when it was too late to be of any service, even had I recalled the subject of the first communication. It is not enough to say "Why didn't you answer my letter of such a date?" or "I enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope, in which please send a copy of the verses I asked for some weeks ago." It is surely easier for the correspondent to repeat the substance of her former letter, and to give the title of the poem, than for me to overhaul note books containing hundreds of names and topics in the faint hope of identifying applicant and verses.

Rust spots can be removed by the use of lemon juice and salt. Cover spots with salt and cover salt with juice and lay in the sun. Keep wet with the juice.

J. B. B. L.

An excellent prescription for the removal of a serious evil.

1. I never trouble you with questions. Will you please permit me this once to ask what oil can I buy that won't gum, to make my own "hair oil," and how to make it?

2. Some ask you about colors and carpets. Blue cotton goods that have never been wet, if laid a little while in water made very strong with spirits of turpentine, never afterward fades by washing—a blessing to a large part of the human family.

3. Rag carpet is thoroughly cleansed by laying on the grass through a hard rain.

4. Five cents' worth of tragacanth will make more mudclay than 25 cents' worth of gum arabic.

S. T. T.

1. I confess myself utterly ignorant of hair oils in general, and "gummy" oils in particular, never having used one in all my long life.

For full information on this head, as upon all other points relative to personal blemishes and decoration, I refer you confidently to Mrs. Henry Symes.

2, 3, 4. Constituents who read the Exchange, scissors in hand, will please clip out these careful hints and transfer to scrap books.

For the encouragement of a respectable and oft-harassed constituency, I lay before them an interesting extract from the Literary Digest:

A Massacre of Household Insects.—A method of killing at once all the objectionable insects in a house, no matter how many they may be or where they may be concealed, is set forth in Circular No. 6 of the United States Department of Agriculture. This method is to fill the house with a great volume of hydrocyanic acid gas (prussic acid), which is almost instantly fatal to life. As the gas is as fatal to human beings as to insects, this fumigation must be carried out with the utmost precaution. It would probably be dangerous for amateurs to attempt it, so the directions given in the circular are not reproduced here; but those who are suffering from the inroads of moths, roaches and other vermin may be interested in the following account of the result of a three hours' fumigation of a house in Washington, D. C.:

"The results of the fumigation were eminently satisfactory; no living insects could be found in the house. The roaches, by thousands, had come out from their hiding places in a vain effort to escape, and had rushed to the cracks under doors and windows, and had there perished. Sometimes they had the appearance of being alive and about to run, and a touch was necessary to demonstrate that they were dead, having been arrested instantly while in motion, their limbs extended in the normal position for running. Flies, roaches and bedbugs, and without doubt all the other household pests, were killed. The bedbugs, against which the fumigation was especially directed, were found dead in numbers under trunks and about the beds."



MRS. C. W. FAIRBANKS

President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution

Recipes for Some Inexpensive Dishes

Stormy Saturday Stew

©UT TWO pounds of lean mutton into small squares, ridding it of every vestige of the fatty fat. Put over the fire and cover (barely) with cold water. If you have a cupful of weak stock made from bones or "bits," it is even better. Proceed as with the breakfast stew described in following recipe. It should not come to the boil under an hour and a half. Increase the heat then, but cook slowly until the meat can be broken with a fork.

Add, then, the corn cut from four ears, or a cupful of canned corn, if green corn be out of season; six tomatoes, peeled and cut small, and two minced onions. Cook for one hour longer. Half an hour before luncheon—or the boys' early dinner—have ready six large potatoes, boiled and mashed smooth or run through a vegetable press. Stir into the stew, and, five minutes later, three tablespoonfuls of browned flour rubbed into two tablespoonfuls of butter. Season with salt, pepper and kitchen bouquet, and dish when it has boiled five minutes more.

Brown Breakfast Stew

Cut two pounds of coarse lean beef into dice an inch square, having a good piece of fat among them. Cover with cold water, or—if you have it—weak stock of any kind, and set at the back of the stove where it will not boil under an hour, at the least. Keep the pot covered closely. At the end of the hour draw it nearer the centre of heat, but do not let it do more than simmer gently for two hours more. Add then two onions of fair size, sliced thin; cover and stew slowly until the meat has boiled literally to rags. Season with salt and pepper and set aside until next day.

Half an hour before breakfast put it over the fire. Stir together in a bowl three tablespoonfuls each of cloves and allspice, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a half tablespoonful, each, of minced green (or dried) summer savory, sweet marjoram and thyme. Wet with gravy from the stew, add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one of kitchen bouquet, and when the stew boils mix all these ingredients well into it.

Cook for five minutes, take from the fire, stir in the juice of half a lemon and a glass of brown sherry; turn out and serve.

Coffee Cake

One large cup of butter.
One and a half cups of sugar.
Five eggs.
Eight cups of flour.

One yeast cake.
Rind of one lemon.
One scant teaspoonful of salt.
Two cups of milk.

Grate lemon rind into flour; add salt. Have flour in the dish in which you wish the dough to raise. In another dish cream the butter; add sugar and eggs. Dissolve; before beginning the mixing, the yeast in one-half cup warm milk and let this rise while preparing the dough. Add the butter, sugar and eggs (prepared as aforesaid) to the flour, also the one and a half cups warm milk and dissolved yeast. Mix with the hands without kneading, thoroughly. Then work with the hands till it drops from fingers. Set this dough late in the evening, and early the next morning put it into shallow pans. Let it rise again for about one and a half or two hours. Then put on pieces of butter and sprinkle thickly with sugar and a little cinnamon and bake in a hot oven till brown.

I have decided to seek your advice as to what I shall do to break my children of the awful habit of mimicking people and also of calling names. Recently a gentleman and lady from a large Eastern city moved into our neighborhood. They seem refined, and they have shown us by their manner that they do not care for our society, and I am inclined to think it is on account of the children. They mock her when she laughs and talks (she has an extremely coarse voice), and as she has a very small nose and a large mouth, they call her "monkey." Some ignorant person has started the example, and my dear little ones, whom God has given me to love and raise in the right path, have become habituated to the low and degrading habit. I want to instill into my little ones' minds the way of doing right, but how can I when they daily play with children whose parents do not pretend to correct them, but rather encourage them instead? Shall I deprive my children of the society of such children? To punish them does no good as long as I allow them in their society. Please help me as you have so kindly helped others, and oblige.

MRS. T. S. S.

The only "help" I can offer is a little—very plain, friendly talk. Will you take it in the spirit that inspires it?

First. Your children should have been inoculated with correct principles, which would have enabled them to resist the contagion of such pernicious examples as are set before them by their present associates. While it is true that children are imitative creatures and easily led, it is also true that a child who has been trained in the belief that it is his duty to speak civilly to everybody, and respectfully to his elders, would be too much shocked by the conduct of the ill-bred gamins you describe to fall easily into their ways of speaking and acting, especially if you were to condemn these with just severity. If not actually immune to such influences, they would not take the disease so readily as yours seem to have done.

Secondly. You should withdraw them from the degrading association as promptly as you would from children who have scarlet fever or measles. Better no companions outside of your own family than those who make your boys and girls, and, by inference, yourself a disgrace in the sight of decent people. Your reputation has already suffered from the outrageous behavior of your offspring. The misdeeds of the children react upon parents as surely as the sins of the fathers are visited upon the next generation. There is justice in the disposition of lookers-on to judge of a boy's home influence by his conduct, and to wonder at seeing a wild, ill-mannered girl, "what sort of mother she has."

Implicit, unquestioning obedience on the part of children; a gentle, firm jurisdiction, tempered but not vitiated by love, on the parents' side, are the only sound foundation of family government.

Your boys and girls should have faith in your wisdom when you forbid them to play with the street arabs who have taught them unseemly tricks. I hope they have this faith. If not, make them obey all the same.

Watching some little ones at play last August on the lawn of a summer hotel, I was struck by the sight of a four-year-old girl sitting quietly upon the lower steps of the flight leading to the veranda. Her doll lay unheeded in her lap; her eyes were fixed wistfully upon the groups sporting on the grass. Presently a boy, evidently a favorite play-fellow, ran up to her, took her hand and coaxed her to her feet, pointing to the romping crowd. The temptation was great, even in dumb show, for I could not hear what was said. The two ran hand-in-hand down the slope for perhaps a dozen yards, when a soft voice called from an upper window:

"Daughter! I told you not to move until I came back!"

"See her mind!" cried a woman at my side, as the baby scampered back to the step and sat down. "That's what I call training."

And as the mother joined us, the book for which she had gone to her room in hand, the inquisitor asked: "How did you bring her to such a state? Are you very strict?"

"She is never punished," the mother smiled into the loving baby eyes uplifted to hers. "She has never learned that disobedience is possible. That is the secret. We begin with our children by the time they are six months old, exacting obedience and expecting it. They are happier for the lesson, and so are we. A spoiled child is such a mistake!"

On the lesson well, my perplexed sister. You acknowledge that your children "are given to you to be raised in the right way." Gird the loins of your spirit and set about the work so long delayed that it is exceeding hard for you and for those committed to you.

Please tell a distracted girl how to win friends, and be charming. I am educated and accomplished, but still have very few friends. It nearly worries me to death to be alone. If I have to lead the life I am now leading, I certainly will lose my soul. I try to be nice and entertaining, but all of no avail. I feel as though it would have been a blessing had I never been born. I desire life and hate solitude. Everything is different from the way I like things. I am young, and of course, desire company, as all girls do. It nearly breaks my heart to be alone. I have prayed and prayed until I doubt everything. Please, I beg of you, to give me a little advice.

M. K.

I wish you had told me your age. I venture to guess from 16 to 20. Also that your mother, if you have one, is not your confidante. Morbidity, discontent, the persuasion that one is misunderstood by the world at large, and especially by her own kindred, are symptoms of the transition period.

The point at which "the brook and river meet" is quicksandy and uncomfortable to the girl "standing with reluctant feet" thereupon. If you were my daughter—and allow me to say that each one of my girls has stood where you are now—I should give you some specific work to do. Every girl "slumps"—excuse the word, but it expresses what I mean—when she leaves school and begins to "enjoy life." The collapse is largely due to physical and mental reaction from drill and discipline. The emancipated worker is left with herself upon her hands, and she is at a loss what to do with the new possession.

Bring your common sense to bear upon the problem. Some millions of "distracted girls" have worked it out already.

I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty,
I woke and found that Life was Duty.

You have just awakened. Make duties for yourself if your eyes are not yet sufficiently wide open to behold them.

Lay out your day according to a certain rule, and hold fast to the routine. The exercise to mind and spirit of compulsory "doing" is like a course of gymnastics to a pampered, bilious body.

You are suffering from spiritual bile, mental spleen. Work it off.

Again. If you have a mother, confide in her. We mothers have all "been there." Slang again! But I do not mind shocking you a little. We have known it all—the longing for love, the thirst for admiration, the dull misery of failure, the despondency which is to youth utter despair. From this unhealthy state you must move upward, step by step, into clearer and more bracing air. Work out your own salvation. Whittier calls it "salvation from our selfishness." Is he right?

GIRL MASQUERADES IN BOY'S CLOTHING AND SELLS NEWSPAPERS

AFTER six weeks spent in masculine attire, selling newspapers and dominating by night of fast her unruly competitors, Agnes McAllister, daughter of a prominent physician, of Genoa, Ill., has returned to frocks and gowns and has left Chicago for home with her mother after arrangement before Justice Underwood.

No desire for original sociological investigation prompted the young woman to her escapade. Instead she told the police when discovered that she had left home in quest of adventure and had donned trousers and coat in order to fight her way the more easily. Adventures were readily found, but the sequel was tribulation, when a street block of hair rumbled down the girl's neck and divulged her identity.

Notice was sent to the Stanton avenue police station and Policemen Red and White toward the corner. An altercation in which two newsmen were trying to thrust a larger youth first engrossed his attention. The larger boy shot out a heavy fist and one opponent sprawled in the street. He then cuffed the other, who whimpered as the policeman walked up.

"Hey! What's all this about?" demanded Red.

"They are trying to torment me, sir," said the larger youth, "and I am simply chastising them. Do you care to purchase a newspaper? I have here all the latest editions containing all the latest telegraphic and local news."

Few newsmen talk in a clear soprano voice, and after further conversation the officer decided that the youth was a woman masquerading in male attire. He summoned the patrol wagon and took the girl to the Stanton avenue station, where she was taken before the desk sergeant.

"What's your name?" demanded the sergeant.

"Hutchinson, sir," was the answer.

"What's your first name?"

"Agnes—er—er—I mean Thomas."

"Well, what's all this about? What're you stammering over?"

At this point the girl broke down and confessed.

"I had to put on the clothes in order to make a living," she sobbed. "I couldn't earn money in any other way. I went into the newspaper selling business and I couldn't sell any papers so long as I wore dresses. That's why I put on trousers and coat. I want to go home. I have had enough adventure. For six weeks I have been selling papers in male clothes and I want to get back in dresses."

Later the girl said that her name was Agnes McAllister; that she lived in Genoa and that her father was a physician and her brother an attorney. She asked that her mother be notified. She was taken to the Thirty-fifth street station, where she was given women's raiment.

At the time of her arrest the girl was dressed in complete male attire. Her hair was done up on the top of her head and this coiffure was concealed by a dark wig. Later in the day Mrs. McAllister arrived and accompanied her daughter before Justice Underwood, when she was discharged and allowed to return to her home after promising that she would not repeat her adventures.

The woman is 22 years of age and is a man masquerading in male attire. He society belle in Genoa.